

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

18th Year

NEW YORK 18 JUNE 1898

No. 852

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
20 JUN 1898

D. APPLETON & COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS.

FELIX GRAS'S NEW ROMANCE

The Terror.

A Romance of the French Revolution. By FELIX GRAS, author of "The Reds of the Midi." Uniform with "The Reds of the Midi." Translated by Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier. Cloth, \$1.50.

The new romance relates the history of the year for which Pausanias was absent, and of some years more. It describes the sufferings and persecution of the heroine Adeline as an "Aristocrat," thus furnishing a point of view of the Revolution which is the opposite of that presented in "The Reds of the Midi." The central motif of the romance developed with singular sympathy by the author, is the picture of a young girl's feelings when thrown into the vortex of the French Revolution. The action passes for a time in Paris and then in Avignon.

GEORGE MOORE'S NEW NOVEL,

Evelyn Innes.

A Story. By GEORGE MOORE, author of "Esther Waters," etc. 12mo., Cloth, \$1.50.

"The marvelously artistic analysis of the inner life of this remarkable woman exercises a peculiar fascination for cultivated people. . . . These are splendid interpretations of Wagner's best works, of the differences between ancient and modern music, of the weakness of agnosticism and of the impossibility of finding happiness and freedom from misery in a life of sin. The manner of the doing is wonderfully fine. Mr. Moore's artistic treatment provokes one's admiration again and again. . . . It seems as if one could pass over no single sentence without losing something. . . . The appeal of the book is to the class of people best worth writing for, cultivated, intellectual people who can appreciate something better than the commonplace stories which invariably come out right. Its literary quality is high; there are very fine things about it, and one feels that 'Evelyn Innes' is the work of a master."—*Boston Herald.*

Lucky Bargee.

A Novel. By HARRY LANDER. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

"Some very remarkable and striking sketches of the life lived by those who earn their living on the lower reaches of the Thames distinguish Mr. Lander's new novel. His spirited descriptions of 'The Pool' are full of life and movement; his pictures of riverside life in the East End are notable for their lifelikeness. The plot, too, is good, and the pretty romance of the hero's love-story relieves the general greyness and squalor of its atmosphere. The character of Bulldog Bill, the hard-fighting, hard-swearer, navy, with his love for 'the Duchess' and his loyalty to his pals, is a very clever bit of portraiture. Every one who begins to read the fortunes of 'The Lucky Bargee' will follow them through their many curious and ever-shifting phases with unflagging interest."—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

Kronstadt.

A Novel. By MAX PEMBERTON. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Mr. Pemberton has given us some thrilling romances, but he has never done anything quite so brilliant in execution or arresting in conception as 'Kronstadt.' . . . The book is certain to enjoy the popularity it deserves."—*London Daily News.*

Financial Management of a War.

Reprinted from "Public Debts." By HENRY C. ADAMS, Ph. D. 8vo. Paper, 25 cents.

Citizens who wish to review the financial conduct of former American wars, and to acquaint themselves with the views of a recognized authority, may be commended to Professor Adams's considerations of this subject.

Arachne.

An Egyptian Romance. By Dr. GEORG EBERS, author of "Uarda," "Joshua," "An Egyptian Princess," etc. Uniform edition. In two volumes. 16mo. Per vol., cloth, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents.

In "Arachne" Dr. Ebers returns to the Egyptian field in which he has gained such wide popularity. The story opens in 274 B.C. The opening scenes are laid in a little town near the Nile Delta, and later the movement of the romance transfers the reader to Alexandria.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Company are the publishers of the complete edition of Dr. Ebers's works.

A Voyage of Consolation.

By Mrs. E. C. COTES (Sara Jeannette Duncan), author of "A Social Departure," "An American Girl in London," "His Honour, and a Lady," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Humorous incidents and conversations abound, rendering the perusal of the book a pleasant pastime."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Anyone who has met the touring American will appreciate his picture as painted by Mrs. Cotes. He is amusing and seldom uninteresting."—*Chicago Tribune.*

RECENT ISSUES IN

APPLETONS' TOWN AND COUNTRY LIBRARY.

Each 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"In selecting books for summer reading one may always feel sure of getting something worth reading if they are of Appletons' Town and Country Library."

John of Strathbourne.

A Romance of the Days of Francis I. By R. D. CHETWODE.

This stirring romance of adventure in France and Italy in the sixteenth century will be found to be one of the most absorbing of the historical novels published within the last few years. The plot is an unusual one, the characters and the atmosphere realistic, and the movement of the tale carries the reader with it to the end.

Materfamilias.

By ADA CAMBRIDGE, author of "Fidelis," "A Marriage Ceremony," "The Three Miss Kings," "My Guardian," etc.

"The author's ability to interest her readers and to engage their sympathies is exhibited to the best advantage in this attractive story of social and domestic life. Her intimate acquaintance with antipodean scenes and happenings is shown in her adroit use of local color."

Torn Sails.

By ALLEN RAINE.

A Trooper of the Empress.

By CLINTON ROSS.

The Lake of Wine.

By BERNARD CAFES.

INCLUDING MANILA

A History of the United States Navy.

From 1775 to 1898. By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY, A. M. With Technical Revision by Lieutenant Roy C. Smith, U. S. N. New edition, revised and enlarged, with new chapters and several new illustrations. In two volumes. 8vo. Per vol., cloth, \$3.50.

This edition has been brought down to Commodore MacLay's death at Manila. Some of the most important chapters are the chapters Cruising after Slavers, Wyoming, Sea Power in the Civil War, the United States. Some of the other chapters are an account of Commander MacLay's Arctic relief expedition, an account of our relations with Spain, and a description of the development and mobilization of the navy in the spring of 1898, the beginning of the war with Spain and the first naval action under Commodore (now Rear-Admiral) Dewey in Manila Bay. There are several new and typical pictures of vessels which are now prominent, and also new maps showing the scenes of naval operations.

The Art of Taxidermy.

By JOHN ROWLEY, Chief of the Department of Taxidermy in the American Museum of Natural History. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

Mr. Rowley has introduced new features into the art which have not been described in print before, and his book represents the latest advances in taxidermy as an art and as a science.

Insect Life.

By JOHN HENRY COMSTOCK, Professor of Entomology in Cornell University. With many Illustrations by Anna Botsford Comstock, member of the Society of American Wood Engravers. 12mo. Cloth. Library Edition, \$2.50; Teachers' and Students' Edition, \$1.50.

Familiar Life in Field and Forest.

By F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS. Uniform with "Familiar Flowers," "Familiar Trees," and "Familiar Features of the Roadside." With many Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

The Study of the Child.

A Brief Treatise on the Psychology of the Child, with Suggestions for Teachers, Students, and Parents. By ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph.D., President of the State Normal School at Emporia, Kansas. Volume XLIII, International Education Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

The principal aim of this book has been to bring the subject within the comprehension of the average teacher and parent. Every chapter is an attempt to organize the knowledge already possessed by those who know little or nothing of scientific psychology, and to assist them to inquiries which will give a clearer apprehension of the nature and possibilities of the child.

(Send for a copy [free] of Appletons' Fiction Bulletin with Portraits of Authors.)

These books are for sale by all booksellers; or they will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 72 Fifth Ave., New York.

"Dervishes, Mister Headingly!" said he, speaking excellent English, but separating his syllables as a Frenchman will. "There are no dervishes. They do not exist."

"Why, I thought the woods were full of them," said the American.

Monsieur Fardet glanced across to where the red core of Colonel Cochrane's cigar was glowing through the darkness.

"You are an American, and you do not like the English," he whispered. "It is perfectly comprehended upon the Continent that the Americans are opposed to the English."

"Well," said Headingly, with his slow, deliberate manner, "I won't say that we have not our tiffs, and there are some of our people—mostly of Irish stock—who are always mad with England; but the most of us have a kindly thought for the mother country. You see, they may be aggravating folk sometimes, but after all they are our *own* folk, and we can't wipe that off the slate." . . . —*A Desert Drama*.—A. CONAN DOYLE.

"Each has its own mission. Germany is predominant in abstract thought; France in literature, art, and grace. But we and you have among our best men a higher conception of moral sense and public duty than is to be found in any other people. Now, these are the two qualities which are needed for directing a weaker race. You can't help them by abstract thought or by graceful art, but only by that moral sense which will hold the scales of Justice even, and keep itself free from every taint of corruption. That is how we rule India. We came there by a kind of natural law, like air rushing into a vacuum. All over the world, against our direct interests and our deliberate intention, we are drawn into the same thing. And it will happen to you also. The pressure of destiny will force you to administer the whole of America from Mexico to the Horn." . . . —*A Desert Drama*.—A. CONAN DOYLE.

"A bullet is the best we have to hope for," said Cochrane, grimly. "What an infernal fool I have been, Belmont, not to protest more energetically against this ridiculous expedition! I deserve whatever I get, but it *is* hard on these poor souls who never knew the danger." . . .

"What do you suppose they will do with us, Cochrane?" he asked after a pause.

"They may cut our throats, or they may take us as slaves to Khartoum. I don't know that there is much to choose. There's one of us out of his troubles, anyhow."

The soldier next them had sat down abruptly, and leaned forward over his knees. His movement and attitude were so natural that it was hard to realize that he had been shot through the head.—*A Desert Drama*.—A. CONAN DOYLE.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE CRITIC

Characteristic Extracts.

Published Weekly by The Critic Co. 289 Fourth Ave. New York

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

SATURDAY 18 June 1898

Joseph B. Gilder }
Jeannette L. Gilder } Editors

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. Charles C. Abbott
Frederic Bancroft
Dr. D. G. Brinton
University of Pennsylvania
George L. Beer
Columbia University
Howard Crosby Butler
Princeton University
Charles de Kay
W. I. Fletcher
Amherst College
Col. Francis Vinton Greene
Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis
Prof. George Hempl
University of Michigan
E. J. Harding
Charles M. Harvey
Prof. James A. Harrison
University of Virginia
Prof. A. V. W. Jackson
Columbia University
Tudor Jenks
Mary Cadwalader Jones
Prof. F. W. Kelsey
University of Michigan

Gerald Stanley Lee
Admiral S. B. Luce
Luoy Monroe
James Herbert Morse
Cornelia Atwood Pratt
Gifford Pinchot
Jennette Barbour Perry
Roger Riordan
Dr. W. J. Rolfe
Theodore Stanton
Nathaniel Stephenson
Prof. N. S. Shaler
Harvard University
Ellen Burns Sherman
Frank Dempster Sherman
Columbia University
J. Ranken Towse
A. S. van Westrum
Dr. Clinton Wagner
Rev. Charles James Wood
John H. Woods
Prof. Charles A. Young
Princeton University

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas Bailey Aldrich
O. C. Auringer
Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzen")
Noah Brooks
Dr. Francis Brown
Union Theological Sem'y
John Burroughs
Richard Burton
Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler
Columbia University
John Vance Cheney
Samuel V. Cole
Chester B. Fernald
Christine Ladd Franklin
Henry B. Fuller

Richard Watson Gilder
Louise Imogen Guiney
Edward Everett Hale
Joel Chandler Harris
Mrs. Burton Harrison
Thomas A. Janvier
Catherine A. Janvier
Prof. T. R. Lounsbury
Yale University
Clinton Scollard
Edith M. Thomas
Henry van Dyke
Charles Dudley Warner
Armstrong Wauchope
Charles E. L. Wingate

Critic Leaflets

No. 1. "Recessional," by Rudyard Kipling. The most striking English poem since "Crossing the Bar." 6 x 8 in. Framed, \$1.

No. 2. Col. Hay on Fitz Gerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." An address worthy of the subject. 4 pages.

No. 3. Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech. One of the most memorable speeches ever made. In facsimile of autograph, and also in type. 4 pages.

No. 4. "The Vampire." Mr. Kipling's poem and Mr. Burne-Jones's picture. 4 pages.

No. 5. "The Banner of the Jew." A ringing war-song by the late Emma Lazarus. Title and signature in facsimile of autograph.

No. 6. "The Star-Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key, and "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake. 4 pages.

No. 7. "Crossing the Bar," by Lord Tennyson. Signature in facsimile of autograph.

Handmade paper. Rubricated titles. 10 cts. each.

Critic Pamphlets

No. 1. "Trilbyana: The Rise and Progress of a Popular Novel." Illustrated. 56 pages. 250 signed and numbered copies on handmade paper. 175 already sold. \$1.

No. 2. "Walt Whitman at Home," by Himself. With "A Visit to Whitman's 'Shanty,'" by J. L. G. Hitherto unpublished portrait. 28 pages, handmade paper. 50 cts.

Critic Pamphlets and Leaflets are sold at Scribner's, Putnam's, Dutton's, Dodd, Mead & Co.'s and Brentano's, and by

THE CRITIC CO. 289 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Authors at Home

MISS EDITH M. THOMAS ON STATEN ISLAND*

IF, in the near future, in this age of classification, some one should elect to write the Natural History of Poets, he would find an *embarras de richesse*, whose only drawback would be the doubtful authenticity of much of it. Journalism, which has given such prominence to personality, has in no small degree affected the standards of public taste. For many years it was considered that the French outstripped all other nationalities in the interest displayed in biography and similar forms of personal literature—an interest which the Anglo-Saxon was inclined to reprobate, as trenching upon the sacred intimacies of domestic life. I well remember the distress with which the "Confidences" of Lamartine was received by the British press: especially deplored were such portions of the revelation as related scenes between the poet and his mother. But, in recent days, the same British public has been more nearly touched by a literary artist whose special work has been the tender exaltation of filio-maternal relations. In these affectionate annals of Barrie's, it is the verity of detail as much as the delicacy of touch in the author's handling, that so fascinates the reader. Searching for such verity, we should perhaps find that the most absolutely sincere among writers are those whose subject is Exact Science; because they deal with themes which are outside of themselves and over which they have no control. Next in order of sincerity, we may place the poets, yet for a precisely opposite reason: what the poet writes is not only out of himself, but it is, frequently, his very self. Especially is this the case with the lyric poet, much of whose attention must be given to recording his own impressions, permanent or passing, the effect of the objective world as thrown in upon his mind. The lyric poet is a "sensitive," and reports all that comes to him:—

"Swift to be moved by all human mutation,
To traverse Passion's whole range;
Mood succeeds mood, and humor fleets humor,
Yet never heart's drift can they change—
For North points the needle!"

The lines just quoted occur in a poem which was written in apology for the lyric temperament; and the poem had its origin in the remark of a near personal friend of the poet: "Oh, you so remind me of the compass. You tremble round the whole horizon, though you always do get back to the north." "Why not," rejoined another friend who was present, "why not the rocking stones of the Druids, which can be made to vibrate at the touch

*New series. Dr. C. C. Abbott, 18 Dec. 1897. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, 15 Jan. 1898. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Feb. 19. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, March 5. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, April 2. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, April 16. Mr. E. L. Godkin, April 30. Capt. Mahan, May 18. Mrs. James T. Fields, June 4.

of a forefinger, and yet no known power can ever cast them from their base?"

The subject of these tender critiques was the lady whose name stands at the head of this brief chronicle. It is many a year since that region of country which is watered by the Ohio River and Lake Erie was called "Out West"; yet are there persons still living who can remember the time when that region was an unpruned wilderness, with no historic event but Braddock's Defeat, and no romance save Burr's Conspiracy at Blennerhasset. Early in the century this section of the country became peopled with emigrants of the sturdiest Puritan stock. What has long been known as the Western Reserve offered special hospitalities in soil and climate, of which the forbears of our poet promptly availed themselves.

As giving the *fin-de-siècle* reader some idea of the wilderness of pioneer life in those days, a venerable relative of Miss Thomas may be cited: "Many a time," mused this good lady, "have I waited for my husband's return through the woods; and, while listening for his footsteps and his whistle, have seen the fireballs of wolves glaring at me through the windows." The settlers held with perhaps firmer grasp (and a little homesickness) the traditions of the land they had left; and thus virginal Ohio became an intenser New England, in all essential points of character—a fact recognized, later, by Gen. Sherman, when he declared, "Live New England is fighting in the ranks of the Western Army to-day." Suffice, for present uses, to observe how it was possible for a "Greek-souled" artist to arise from such antecedents; who should yet retain in the blood a tang of the Puritan.

The mother of Miss Thomas was a native of Connecticut. The father's family, as the name implies, was of Welsh origin, hardy, fighting stock, prone to emigration, and undaunted frontiersmen. The conquest of the Western Reserve did not, however, occupy all the pioneer energies of the family,—at least in the second generation. A paternal uncle of our poet, wearied of what he, no doubt, considered the provincialism of country life, tried his hand at various fortunes,—school-teaching, law, journalism. At length his restless spirit found repose in the society of such men as Kinney and Walker. With the latter he, eventually, cast his lot, while still a youth, and bore a gallant share in the famous expeditions of that "grey-eyed Man of Destiny." In those early days, such proceedings were largely justified by public sympathy. Indeed, many of the press saw in these military enterprises merely a recurrence of the era of the *Conquistadores*, or, perhaps, of Bolivar. Hearing of which, during her childhood, it was but natural that the little Edith, moreover, fresh from a reading of Joan of Arc, should resolve at some future day to join this uncle and his comrades, soldiers, liberators and kings of romance! But a different fortune was in store for her, in the evolution of the years. Passing over school-days, experimental verse-making, and even her introduction to the leading magazines, through the instrumentality of those rarely gifted women, Mrs. Botta and Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H.H."), it suffices to say that this early success brought about a complete change of residence; and after the death of her mother, Miss Thomas took up her abode in New York, in which city or its environs she has dwelt ever since. Many of her friends wondered that she could leave scenes so congenial to herself and her muse, as the woods and fields of her native Ohio; but when asked what it was that she missed in her pleasant abode so near to Erie, that link of ultra-marine in the chain of the Great Lakes, she replied, briefly, "salt." This was, perhaps, her way of saying that sylvan solitudes and rural peace do not all suffice, and but ill replace what is gained, in the concentrated interests of life and effort, in the "dark gray city." However this may be, the laconic

answer became prophecy; for, never since quitting the shores of Lake Erie, has she been content to dwell away from the sight and sound of the sea. Her winter abode is made with friends in Staten Island; and she is separated from the salt water by but a few feet. Her window looks out upon the Kill von Kull, the eddying tides, the dipping sea-gulls, and a picturesque procession of shipping from all parts of the world,—a procession that, by night, becomes a wondrous pyrotechnic display of vari-colored signal lights.

She has no occasion to miss from her rambles the element of the wild; since, distant but seven miles from the great city, is a landscape as sylvan and primitive as in the days when Gen. Putnam had his headquarters in the heart of Staten Island. Here, the old Indian trails of a century ago are distinctly visible. In certain localities, also, remain traces of the early Huguenot settlers, in the rows of poplars and quaint little houses with beams let conspicuously into the masonry, with other hints of Gallic tastes. One might close his eyes for a moment, and open them, as it were, in Normandy itself. Between Eltingville and Todt Hill, comprising the heights of Grimes Hill, the view is superb, including every nook of New York Bay and stretching from Sandy Hook to the Palisades. Society in Staten Island is extremely varied, ranging from the usual country-folk to what was formerly known as "The Boston Colony," composed of New England people and their affiliations, whose animating centre was the late George William Curtis and his delightful circle. The life of our Islanders is easily amphibious, alternating between country solitude and metropolitan whirl; for one may find oneself, in little more than half an hour, immersed in the city's cares and struggles. This variety can but result, for the literary artist, in an awakening of dormant energies, a broadening of views, and the multiplication of themes.

Contemporary critics were wont to refer to the late Caleb Cushing as a "Satan of Industry." Could we qualify the luridness of the phrase with some lenitive more descriptive of our poet's genial nature, we should then have a suitable characterization of Miss Thomas, as regards her chosen work, and avocations outside that work. Never, perhaps, was the legend *ohne hast, ohne rast*, more fittingly applied than in her individual case; yet it must be admitted that, occasionally, the *hast* outruns the *rast*. Unlike those who so till the field of time, that a few hours daily spent in the library will leave them a half-day for pleasure or social duties, Miss Thomas distributes her work, casually, through the day and night. Deprecating this lack of system, she says that she does not "tie" herself to the desk, for she has "no desk to tie to." As often, as otherwise, in truth, she avails herself of the wonted writing-desk of children,—a book on the knee. Stray moments of time are unexpectedly utilized, in her economy, as we who know can witness; the crossing of New York Bay being a favorite season for the production of sonnets. The faculty of suggestion and selection is in her so alert and so sleepless that a dip into the dictionary, with its fortuitous sequences of words, seems to supply her with thoughts; and many a poem owes its origin, no doubt, to this "treasury of faded metaphor." It is a common saying of hers, "Everybody—and everything—helps me to write."

Leutze, the painter, was once engaged on a picture representing Elaine at the moment when that gentle maiden exclaims, "Heavens! what a blow was there!" as she gazes with mingled terror and wonder at a rent in her hero's shield. Pausing to offer some hospitalities, the artist, in handing a large metal jug of water, accidentally let it fall on the fender. Hurriedly raising the dented jug, Leutze remarked, "I'm afraid it's disfigured for life," then, with sudden joy, turning to the picture, he added, "The very thing! I'll paint that dent into the shield! I've been



COPYRIGHT 1898 BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY

MISS EDITH M. THOMAS

trying all day to get it right!" Such is the part that accident plays in the work of those who know how to seize the suggestion offered. Accident is often the artist's providence; and Miss Thomas, in this respect, lives under a gracious dispensation, and gladly accepts and improves all that thus comes to her. For instance, one evening a friend was trying a new gold pen, writing idly over the sheet, without plan or purpose, and for no reason that can be assigned, the word "Southfold" came to be inscribed. The lady, observing, grew thoughtful, and, later in the evening, she read to the family circle the poem bearing this title and suggested, as she declared, by this purely accidental concurrence. There may be nothing in the word, but it sowed in her fancy the idea of a Heaven-guarded realm, far towards the sun and the south, where are looked out for all strays and innocents unregarded by a callous world:—

"There the late bird tries its wings,
And its young song blithely sings;
And the winter lambs are glad,
Rosy-tinged, in new wool clad;
And the wood-bees' murmuring seems
Like the music heard in dreams."

But the "music heard in dreams" does not exclusively occupy the listener's watchful attention. The claims of what we call the "prose of life" are not ignored. In the household circle of which Miss Thomas is a member, the current topics of the day, and questions the most varied, are pursued with a vigor and earnestness suggestive of the meeting and clashing of contestants in the joyous passage of arms at "Ashby de la Zouche." These passages at arms sometimes extend far into the night, and do not break up until some one rises, more sated or somnolent than the

rest, and with hand upon the doorknob remarks, "Had we not better go to bed, while we think of it?" In such discussions, variegated with music, readings from the poets or prose classics, the evenings pass; occasionally diversified by the matching of epigrams in friendly rivalry—and *La muse s'amuse!* Sparks thus struck into the tinder of her fancy, in the heat of amicable controversy, often reappear to light her serio-humorous verse.

After the death of her mother, in whose memory was written "The Inverted Torch," Miss Thomas found herself with but one near relative remaining, a sister, a gifted young woman, her junior by just enough to impart a maternal flavor to her cares. That sister (always in deepest sympathy with the plans and aims of the elder), now happily married, presides over a small household; dwelling away beyond the brick blocks and sand-stone rifts of later New York, in sight of the Palisades, and within scent of the woody twilights that skirt the river. Thither to wing and return, forms for our poet many a Sabbath day's journey, not the least inducement being a little child, who, like the "witch baby" Pearl, of Hawthorne's romance, is just of the age when a girl-child's myriad coqueties and elfin gambols tug hardest at the heart-strings. What wonder if the poet transfers to her own tablets many a dear saying of the little one, couched in the primitive speech of babyhood, with its sly directness and dainty elisions of bristling consonants. Thus, to those unaware of this circumstance, is explained the subtle and delicate sympathy with childhood, increasingly evinced in our author's verse.

There is another home in which Miss Thomas spends nearly half the year, and probably the busier half, as respects her chosen occupation. New London is situated on a unique and peculiar part of the coast line just beyond the end of Long Island, where the Ocean throws itself into the Sound. The climate stimulates mental activity, being cool and bracing throughout the summer, and such is the quality of the soil that, even after the severest storms, one may walk dry-shod, almost before the rainbows have fled. The life of the household is mainly out of doors, and a community is set up between themselves and Nature, which they assume nowhere else. Here, the wild-rose blooms in opulent profusion, and

"The bee revels on through a season of flowers."

The bee muse revels too. One day it is the finding of a "white thistle," that she celebrates in verse, and another, it is the discovery of a furtive sweet-brier betrayed by a scent-compelling shower. The matins and vespers of the brown thrush, who, with his mate and fellows, is a pensioner, if not an actual member, of the household at the Stone Cottage, are an indispensable part of the joyous service of the New London day, and, as such, are duly noted and consecrated by the human singer. The cottage, hewn of the granite of the country is in admirable tone with scenery and surroundings; and here, niched in the daintiest corner, in a little room, no larger than a nun's cell, and having ivy-browed windows with deep embrasures, she has her summer dwelling.

Fearful of overstepping the modesty of Nature and of trenching upon the critic's ground, we have hitherto foreborne to allude to the distinctive character of the lady's work. If asked informally for an opinion, we should say that Miss Thomas's verse differs from much contemporary poetry, in that the former bears re-reading, in an unusual degree. Of many passages, it might be added, the aftermath outvalues the harvest. Not to institute a comparison with the great Italian whose audacious transpositions of words and transmutations of meaning have excited the world's wonder (I refer to Carducci), rather should I say—following the phrase of Matthew Arnold,—there is in her work a "peculiar magical touch, presumably a note of Celtic extraction, which reveals an occult quality in a familiar object, or tinges it,

one knows not how, with the 'light that never was on sea or land.'" Furthermore, it might be said, she writes with what Leigh Hunt calls a "nib inevitable" and seldom does the shy, elusive, best word escape her.

S. R. ELLIOTT.

Literature

"The Unquiet Sex"

By Helen Watterson Moody. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

MRS. MOODY'S little volume of essays is irreproachable in manner. As to the matter, there is, as the author herself admits in the preface, much to be said in rejoinder. It is the misfortune of her would-be critics that the writer's case has been so sanely and charmingly stated that to disagree with her at any point seems almost a breach of good taste. The essays are thoughtful, graceful and clever, if not novel, in substance, and their main contention is certainly just. There is more or less self-consciousness and restlessness in the feminine world to-day, and it is not an especially winning manifestation. No reasonable person denies this, just as no reasonable person denies that the work of the world is bound to be divided chiefly upon lines of sex, or that the domestic life may be made the most engaging as well as the most useful of women's occupations. But these are axioms, and one does not write books to prove axioms. It remains to be demonstrated that there is enough of unrest in the current affairs of women to justify the dedication of a book to its consideration. It is true that we hear a great deal about "Woman" in the newspapers and reviews, but the circumstances under which she is capitalized and exploited leave doubts in our mind as to whether the fault is her own, or whether she is merely the victim of writers in search of easy "copy." The reviewer ventures to aver that a woman who actually talks or feels about "the Emancipation of Woman," "Woman's Work," or "the future of Woman," is as unique a creature in real life as the traditional white black-bird. A woman of more than middle life and wide experience whom circumstances have thrown much into the society of her own sex and a good half of whose acquaintances have been professional women, stated the other day that she had never known a woman who talked of Woman, she had heard other people say they had heard of such women, but had never come closer than this to meeting the real article, if it exists. Such a statement carries weight and leads one to wonder if the search for such a person might not prove as futile as the hunting of the Snark? What if, after all, "there isn't any Marjorie Daw?"

Perhaps it is impossible to be both amusing and strictly fair. Mrs. Moody is almost always amusing in a genial, semi-thoughtful way, but when she says that the woman-colleague is "a trifle *posée*, over-assertive, too conscious of herself and her type," is she not imputing the failing of the very few to the many? There was a time—but that was in the beginning of things—when every woman who acquired the degree of A. B. felt that she had to do something to live up to it. Those women have now grown older and discovered that the demands life makes upon them are sufficiently strenuous without imaginary reinforcement, while among the graduates of to-day, ninety-five in every hundred take their diplomas as simply as they do their new gowns, giving to them no more than the inevitable importance which youth must ascribe to everything closely concerning itself. There used to be a type of alumna who magnified her office. At no time was she representative, and she is now almost extinct. It is hardly just to rehabilitate her for the sake of proving what her critical sisters never doubted, that she was a little out of taste.—In the matter of women's clubs, Mrs. Moody is again pleasantly malicious. The temptations, to be sure, are great. Doubtless we are a ridiculously over-clubbed generation, but all club-women are not as serious as Mrs. Moody playfully represents them.

But these are trifling injustices and do not affect the main

drift of a book whose substance is both wise and true. At the same time, however, is it not an illogical book? Does it not even exemplify the very tendency of women it deprecates—the tendency to generalize about themselves and take themselves too seriously? To write a book urging women to regard their lives less strenuously, certainly argues a strenuousness in the way the author takes the defects of her sex—for books are not produced without effort. It would certainly be well if all women could do their work of whatever nature without comparing themselves with their brothers, showing the fine, healthy unconsciousness of men in their labors. But when women do achieve that unconsciousness and equilibrium, a book like "The Unquiet Sex" will become as impossible as would be now a man's account of "The Inert Sex," setting forth his impressions of the average individual of his half of the race as compared to the wisest, brightest and most active of womankind. For, though implicit rather than expressed, "The Unquiet Sex" is one long comparison, of the very kind the author deprecates, and the reader cannot avoid the conclusion that, like most feminine criticism of woman, it is based upon the discovery of Man.

"In the Permanent Way"

By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co.

NO WRITER—not even Mr. Kipling—knows the life of the mixed population of the Anglo-Indian empire better than the author of "On the Face of the Waters." Mrs. Steel and the re-creator of Tommy Atkins share the distinction of having made real to us a land that is teeming with material of literary no less than historical interest. For a century India has been the battleground of two civilizations, and nowhere else in the world has the conflict been so bitter and determined. The invasion of India by the Anglo-Saxons furnishes a striking parallel with that of England by the Norman-French. In each case an ancient civilization has received a rude shaking up by a foreign nation's arms and learning, and a conservative race has been brought face to face with a new language, law, religion and mode of living.

In her new volume of short stories, Mrs. Steel has continued her study of various phases of the problems which are an inevitable outgrowth of the social and political conditions in India. She has availed herself with admirable skill of the artistic contrasts in a community where one finds incongruously side by side fakirs and surveyors, turbans and Gladstone bags, idols and railway tickets. In the title story of the collection, an English engineer loses his life in the attempt to save an old Hindoo saint whose place of prayer has been invaded by the trolley-line, but who persists in kneeling in the permanent way of civilization. Readers of the author's "On the Face of the Waters" will be glad to find here new stories of the Mutiny, of which heroic struggle she is still the laureate. "In the King's Well" is one of the most effective tales of that period, dashed off like a charcoal sketch in a few rapid strokes. It tells of the love even unto death of a native girl for an English soldier whom she had discovered hiding in an old well.

Several of the incidents deal with railways. One of the cleverest, "A Tourist Ticket," tells of an aged comb-maker, who having despaired of salvation through inability to make the pilgrimage to Mecca lost his feet in an accident, and was thus to his great delight exempted as a cripple from the duty of pilgrimage. In "The Blue-Throated God" men with strange heathen names puff English cigars and discuss Siva's religion of stern reality and Krishna's pleasure-loving cult. It ends with a fine description of a flood in the sacred Gunga. "Glory-of-Woman," a young girl in the Zenanas of Delhi, the most brutal of cities, shows how virtue is like the tongue "situated between thirty-two teeth and needs care to preserve itself." Other striking stories deal with such characters as the childless young wife who is

jealous of the new wife and her baby; of a young girl who in a pure spirit of mischief flagged a train and was picked up by a young occidental paymaster; of an old armorer who lost his livelihood by the passage of the arms act; of two rival river-guards who swim on bladders to midstream and fight to the death for a mistress.

Mrs. Steel has achieved a notable mastery of the difficulties of the short story. Most of them are no less admirable for their suggestiveness than for their brisk dialogue and deft dramatic action. She indulges in an overuse of Hindoo words, which is a cheap method of giving local color. Tragic themes seem to have the preference, but several of the tales based on the Englishman's failure to understand the Hindoo nature possess a charming vein of humor.

"France Under Louis XV"

By James Breck Perkins. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HISTORIANS in America belong to one of two classes—the teaching class (the professors in our universities), and the literary class. Among the academic historians there are many able writers and fine minds, but there is no question that our best historians are to be found outside of the universities. Such men are Henry Adams, H. C. Lea, Rhodes, Eggleston, Mahan, Fiske and Perkins, whose latest book is at present under review. The historical professors, fresh from the German seminarium, have as a rule acquired the chief fault of this otherwise admirable educational institution. They care too little for the meaning of facts, and pay far too much attention to the technique of their study. If a book bristles with learned quotations from original sources, if the foot-notes are lengthy and elaborate, the work is sure of recognition in our universities, though it may be questioned whether the subject is sufficiently important to devote more than a few moments of time to it. For instance, in a recent number of *The American Historical Review*, Prof. Haskins has quite a long article on the life of mediæval students as illustrated by their letters, which, if the author had any sense of humor, would never have been written. The carefully prepared references to mediæval manuscripts in the foot-notes contain probably twice as many words as the text. Yet what do we learn from this article, which must have been the fruit of indefatigable research and labor? Prof. Haskins himself admits that we learn practically nothing, and he excuses himself by saying that letters from which something might be learned could not have been written under prevailing conditions. But why then write the article? Why such a waste of energy? Such antiquarian work, for it is in no sense historical, is too characteristic of our academic historians. It is by no means the general rule, but it is far from being the exception. Nor do we wish it to be inferred from the above that the university has a monopoly of such barren work. Let us but remember Mr. Weeden's hodge-podge on social and economic New England, or even that much abler work of Mr. Bruce on economic Virginia, which in addition to some very valuable matter contains a mass of irrelevant, valueless antiquarian details.

The existence of so large and able a group of historians outside the university world is characteristic only of our country and of England. It can be explained by the comparatively recent growth of the university ideal both here and in England. Few men, unless forced by pecuniary conditions, would care to devote a good part of their life to the teaching of undergraduates. But the position of university professor does not entail much drudgery, and we have often wondered why a man like Mr. Perkins does not occupy such a chair. Among our historians, Mr. Perkins holds a very well-assured position. To his solid and conscientious works on France under Richelieu and Mazarin, and under the Regency, he has recently added two excellent volumes on France under Louis XV. In this work he is at his best. He has carefully studied and digested the

original sources and the result is an interesting, fresh narrative of fifty important years of French political history.

Mr. Perkins does not belong to the new psycho-sociological school of historians; he belongs to the old-fashioned school of Macaulay and Motley. His work, though produced on scientific methods, is not science, but literature. Seeley said that history, conceived in this sense, can at best be only an inferior branch of literature; von Treitschke called it one of the three great branches of literature, the other two being poetry and philosophy. And at the present day a violent, and at times virulent, conflict is being waged in Germany between the partisans of Mr. Perkins's methods of writing history, and the disciples of the newer school typified in Germany by Lamprecht. It should be immaterial to what school the historical critic belongs, for it would be unfair to criticize Mr. Perkins from the standpoint of an opposite fundamental conception. One should put the initial divergence of view to one side as not germane, and merely see if our author, from his own standpoint, has been successful in his self-imposed task.

Mr. Perkins's standpoint is that of the political historian; his is not a history of the French people, nor a history of the French state, but a history of the doings of the French government. In Germany he would be classified as one of the "Jung-Rankianer." As the most conspicuous acts of this long reign were connected with the great European wars of the eighteenth century, it is natural that nearly one-half of the work should be devoted to foreign affairs. These chapters form in reality an excellent account of European international history in the eighteenth century, far better than the recently published work of Mr. Hassall. The narrative is interesting and clear; the criticism is impartial and excellent. Some use, however, might have been made of Capt. Mahan's contributions to the naval and military history of the period. Especially good is the account of Frederick the Great. Mr. Perkins recognizes as fully as do Frederick's apologists, such as Mr. Tuttle, the elements of the Prussian king's greatness, but this recognition does not blind him to the absolute Machiavellian unscrupulousness of the author of the "Anti-Machiavel." And what is still better he does not, from the standpoint of an absolute right and wrong, hold up this unscrupulousness as an object of abhorrence. Mr. Perkins's book is fortunately free from moral diatribes, except in the case of a du Barry, whose only claim to immortality is her immorality. He can fully appreciate Frederick's greatness, and Mme. de Pompadour's influence and aims, despite their non-conformance with the postulates of nineteenth-century ethics. Unlike many writers he does not seek to gloss over Frederick's character and practises, because of an unconscious dread that they are inconsistent with historic greatness. We can well say with Montaigne, using Florio's quaint English, "I love those Historians that are either verie simple, or most excellent. The simple, who had nothing of their owne to adde unto the storie." Mr. Perkins is not excellent in Montaigne's sense; he certainly is simple.

From Mr. Perkins's standpoint as a political historian he has not devoted too much space to international complications. Yet there can be but little question that in a work on France under Louis XV, an entire chapter on the first partition of Poland is out of place. Mr. Perkins's account of internal politics is likewise, on the whole, satisfactory. Especially interesting is his account of the conflict between the king and the "Parlement de Paris." The chapters on the gain and loss of an empire in India are also fine. The great defect of the work is an inadequate treatment of social and economic conditions. Mr. Perkins gives us a good deal of information about the manners and customs of the nobility, and about the corruption existing in the government, but he does not descend to the lower layers of society, which caused the tremendous social upheaval of 1789. He shows us the eighteenth century, which fascinates an Austin Dobson, but not that side of it which arouses the ire of a Carlyle.

"Studies in Psychical Research"

By Frank Podmore. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. PODMORE has always been among the most active and prominent members of the English Society for Psychical Research (or Spookical Research, as *The Saturday Review* used to be fond of calling it in the days when the supposed Americanism "spook"—which is yet a good German word—first penetrated to England), sharing with Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. F. W. H. Myers and the late Mr. Edmund Gurney the task, not only of diligent investigation, but also of giving to the world the results of the Society's labors. In the present book, while it contains little that is unfamiliar to those who have followed the researches of the last few years, will be found a useful *résumé* of these results, and a clear account of the actual stage which has been reached in establishing an intelligent and scientific hypothesis to account for the multiplicity of apparently abnormal phenomena observed within the limits of the inquiry. It is not a book to suit anyone with an unrestrained appetite for the marvellous; such a reader will be sadly disappointed by the unsubstantial residuum which remains to him when Mr. Podmore is done. But the careful thinker cannot fail to approve entirely the attitude of the Society, faithfully reflected by the author, with regard to the interests of scientific truth.

Unquestionably there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the average Horatio; but just as unquestionably it will not do to accept unhesitatingly every tale which comes under the head of "Interesting, if true," or even to rest in acceptance of those which are verified without explanation. So the Society's position has been on the one hand to be prepared for unusual, and even what in the present state of knowledge are termed abnormal, occurrences in the realm of psychical action; and, on the other, to exact the application of the most rigorous tests to every bit of evidence offered, even observing and guarding against certain vicious processes of the mind which have escaped many less careful students. That after such a thorough winnowing anything at all should be left to serve as a basis for further reasoning, even if it be no more than the one white crow which proves that not all crows are black, is enough to encourage the continuance of research. Franklin flying his kite in the face of the thundering heavens could have anticipated little enough of what are to-day the commonplaces of electrical action; and it may be that a century hence we shall be able as naturally and as normally to put a girdle round the earth without telegraph wires, as we do now by their aid. The most interesting parts of the book are not the record of investigation of the baser sort of Spiritualism and the like (though the chapter devoted to Madame Blavatsky and Theosophy is admirable from a literary standpoint for the manner of its presentation of the history), but those which deal with experimental thought-transference, with secondary consciousness, and in general with such things as are closely correlated with other branches of psychological learning. Positively in these directions, as well as negatively in the dissolution of the obtrusive *Pollergeist* and his fellows, the Society by its investigations and Mr. Podmore by his book have done good service to the cause of substantial knowledge.

"A Fountain Sealed"

By Sir Walter Besant. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THACKERAY wrote the history of the Four Georges. Sir Walter has thrown new and, we fondly believe, the true, light upon one of them. He was only a prince when he met the fair Quakeress, Nancy Walden, but he possessed already all the virtues that are a king's by divine right. As tipsy Captain Sellinger said, "He has all the virtues there are. It is his inheritance. His father had all the virtues before him; so had his grandfather. All the virtues reside permanently in the family." If the wise Captain could come

back to life to-day, he would know that the entail has not been broken. The prince talked like a prig, but the young Quakeress thought his conversation highly improving, and undoubtedly it was. He talked exactly like Louise Mühlbach's wonderful rulers of the house of Hohenzollern, and those who know that gifted lady's works will understand what that means. It is the Quakeress who tells the story herself, and she saw with eighteenth-century eyes. Perhaps Sir Walter did not believe her himself when he took down her narrative.

It was George III's love for the beautiful young girl whom he would have married that made him hide from her his identity, and blinded him to the fact that he was compromising her beyond redemption. And then, when the marriage was about to be consummated, his younger brother Edward burst into the room and said, in large and small capitals, "THE KING IS DEAD." Whereupon, the Quakeress tells us, his [the new King's]

"face was changed. There was in it a new authority—a new majesty—that of the Sovereign: a new expression, that of kingship. Love had gone out of that face. It was filled with a new emotion. The young King saw suddenly, before him, the vastness of his responsibilities: the burden of empire: the great duties. What was the simple girl beside him, in presence of these things? * * * How could love survive that sudden shock? In a moment the passion died out in his heart, though the memory of it might afterward return. He was the King."

The Quakeress understood—and the reviewer trembled. It was a moment of breathless grandeur, worthy again of Louise Mühlbach.

Sir Walter has told the simple idyl of Nancy Walden's life with all his customary skill. But our attitude towards royalty has so materially changed since the beginning of this century, that the reader cannot free himself of a sense of burlesque—of a wish for Offenbach, his music and his librettos. The sentiment of the period has been faithfully reproduced, but the reader who can appreciate it will be hard to find—at least on this side of the Atlantic. George III was a king who led a very exemplary private life and tried to force upon his subjects the "enlightened despotism" of his fellow-rulers on the Continent. He failed, lost his American colonies, and left the war of his realm against Napoleon in the hands of his great marshal. He was hardly the stuff of which romantic heroes are made: he was a hero only in the eyes of Nancy Walden, and with her part of the story we do not quarrel: it is sympathetically done.

"The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman"

By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co.

IT SEEMS a pity that this book should not have been published three years earlier, partly because Cardinal Manning's biographer might have learnt a good deal from it if he would, but chiefly that the student of English ecclesiastical history might have had the advantage of reading in their order the lives of the two great prelates whose combined years of labor carry us back from the present day to that far-off, shadowy period when the English Roman Catholics were but just emerging from the shadow of the penal laws. It is very hard to realize the old state of things, when the "Papists" of England, though no longer for fear of losing life or property, yet were still from long habit, like the early Christians, a *gens lucifuga*, incomprehensible to their fellow-countrymen, and seeming to them more like an alien race. And when we think that the transition from that condition to the present is due, more than to any other one man, to the statesmanlike leadership, to the wide sympathies, and to the commanding intellect of Nicholas Wiseman, we can see the importance of a good biography which shall tell us not only what the inner man was like, but also what he did and accomplished in his relation to the outer world.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward is well adapted to the task, both by his own intellectual and literary attainments and as the son of a

man intimately connected with the religious movements of the central fifty years of this century, both on the Anglican and the Roman sides. One who had not even this hereditary connection with Anglicanism could hardly have written as intelligently of the outcome of the Oxford Movement in the stream of converts whose relations to the old-Catholic body were the source of some of Wiseman's greatest perplexities and troubles—though this, too, suggests a state of things almost as bygone as the penal laws. The biography is full of interest from beginning to end, whether it depicts the peaceful, studious years at Rome which gave Wiseman, while still a young man, a European reputation among scholars; or the thrilling and dramatic days of the influx of converts and the establishment of the hierarchy—that "Papal Aggression" which set England aflame from the Tweed to the Land's End; or the later years of quiet work, saddened as they were for the Cardinal by the prolonged conflict with the impracticable Dr. Errington, the man who was given to be his coadjutor and became his adversary. For those who wish to gain a clear and accurate view of the unhappily famous "Errington Case," nothing better could be provided than the extremely careful statement of Mr. Ward, giving as it does both interesting and valuable personal details from those who knew the men, and very full official documents in the original Latin and Italian of the appendices—one of which convicts Mr. Purcell categorically of a number of absolute misstatements, no doubt unintentional but not the less unfortunate, in his "Life of Cardinal Manning."

But while these matters have their place, they are not dwelt on out of their proportion to the rest of Wiseman's many-sided life, as a scholar of the old-fashioned universal type that adorned the days before specialization came in, as a zealous apostle, as a wise helmsman who knew how to guide his vessel aright in very troublous waters, and as a gentle, humble Christian man. Two chapters, moreover, which stand apart almost as independent essays, have a value of their own—one historical, tracing the fortunes of the Roman Catholic body in England from the Reformation to Wiseman's time, the other philosophical, "The Exclusive Church and the *Zeitgeist*," which makes a sort of epilogue to the book, working out very thoughtfully the application of the Cardinal's principles to the present and to the future.

"Various Fragments"

By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co.

THE MANY READERS of Herbert Spencer will welcome the publication of these fragments. Though most of them are the echoes of long-forgotten frays, they do, as he says in his preface, contain some suggestions which ought not to be lost in the vast limbo of "back numbers." Yet of the greater part it must be added that the interest now attaching to them is of the thinnest. The method of bookselling in 1852 scarcely appeals to the minds of 1898, in spite of the plea of the writer. A lengthy discussion on copyright in 1877 must be said to be a little behind the times. "Rejoinders" to Mr. McLennan and Prof. Tait, dated some twenty years back, hardly belong to current science. Other topics introduced are government by minority, evolutionary ethics, Anglo-American arbitration, social evolution and social duty, against the metric system, ability *versus* information, and "Parliamentary Georgites," which last is a hit at the single-tax idea. As a supplement to some of his other and more extended writings, these tracts will interest Spencer's admirers; though there is an uncomfortable feeling on reading them that their author is principally engaged in showing that he always and on every occasion was "dead right," while his opponents were, to use his own phrase, scientifically or "politically drunk."

"The New Puritanism"

THIS BOOK contains the addresses of Lyman Abbott, Amory H. Bradford, Charles A. Berry, George H. Gordon, Washington Gladden and William J. Tucker, delivered at the semi-centennial celebration of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., which are

here gathered together, with an introduction by Rossiter W. Raymond. The chapters are all suggestive. The general tone of these speakers is that of men who, while facing the twentieth century, have the mental and spiritual attitude of Christians living in those primitive pre-theological and pre-ecclesiastical Christian centuries, before the vast mass of mediæval and Protestant dogma was evolved and before the tremendous corporations which profess to monopolize religion had any existence. Then Christians were full of love and enthusiasm for Jesus, and Christianity to them meant being like Christ. Their religion was vastly less in words and life and conduct. So, here to-day, we have an Englishman, a Scotchman and several descendants of the English seventeenth-century Separatists, re-viewing and re-stating Christian truth. Without undue adulation of the first servant of Plymouth Church, we find the key-note of the work in this sentence: "Beecher's greatest work was that he helped to bring back Christendom to the realization and enjoyment of the living Christ." There is much variety in the utterances of these speakers, and probably not one of them will agree with particular sentences in the discourses of the others, but the general unity of the whole is unmistakable. The book and its contents are an unmistakable sign of the coming simplification of theology. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

The "Outward Bound" Kipling

THE OUTWARD BOUND edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works has now reached Vol. XI, which contains the poems, including all those in "The Seven Seas," but not "Recessional" or "The Vampire." The book is dedicated to the late Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law, close friend and collaborator on "The Naulakha," the tenth volume in this series. Mr. Balestier has had many wreaths laid upon his bier, but none more likely to carry his name before the ranks of posterity than the lines beginning

"Beyond the path of the utmost sun through utter darkness hurled."

We have already expressed our admiration of this handsome edition, which one more volume ("Captains Courageous") will make complete to date, and we can only repeat that it is in every way worthy of the author and the publishers. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Yoga"

"YOGA, or Transformation" is the title of a bulky volume written by Mr. William J. Flagg to help himself think, and he now publishes it to help others to think. It is a mighty mass of more or less digested reading, begun over twenty-five years ago. The results of this miscellaneous reading of translations are, in the eyes of the author, valuable. He has been digging his way for many years through the various religions of the world, so far as these can be got at through the medium of the English language, and he has told us of the various conceptions, in the ethnic faiths, of the yoga, or union of the soul of man with the soul of the universe. He himself defines yoga as "transformation," and his sub-title is "A Comparative Statement of the Various Religious Dogmas concerning the Soul and its Destiny," and of "Akkadian, Hindu, Taoist, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, Christian, Mohammedan, Japanese and other magic." The outcome of Mr. Flagg's meanderings and speculations is, that it is not worth while to seek for the soul in religion, or in fact anywhere else, and that we must abide on the hither side of the unknowable. However, the inquirer is not utterly discouraged. "If he do thorough work, in searching through religion, he will have come upon magic, in searching for the secret of magic he will have found transformation and in transformation discovered evolution." The author, after considering yoga as a process of evolution, closes with the hope that by way of the senses alone the whole race of man may become yogis. All of which, put into plain English or Chinese, means that we had better go back to the old Taoist speculations and practices and work merrily away to find a universal solvent, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of immortality and various other notions or things left behind ages ago. (New York: J. W. Bouton.)

New Books and New Editions

THE Popular Edition of Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North," in one volume, is printed from new plates and contains the complete narrative of his expedition; also, the appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the Fram, being the full record of the

voyage, as found in the library edition; with a portrait of Dr. Nansen from an etching, and sixteen of the more important illustrations of the library edition. It has a new and attractive cover done in blue and white, and we are not quite sure that for mere reading we do not prefer it to the edition which costs more than three times as much. (Harper & Bros.)—A NEW edition of Zola's "Downfall" ("La Débâcle"), is just out. It is most timely, and if anyone wants to know all about the horrors of war, he need go no further than its pages. The book was formerly published by the Cassell Publishing Co., but has now been taken over by the publishers of all of M. Zola's latest books in this country. (The Macmillan Co.)

A VETERAN naval officer, whose name is not disclosed on the title-page, has compiled a "Patriotic and Naval Songster," in the form of a stout little pamphlet, consisting mainly of the most familiar American songs of patriotism from the period of the Revolution to the present day. The first in the series is Joseph Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia!" and Mr. Robert Burns Wilson's "Remember the Maine!" is the last. The two songs inspired by the present war, other than the one just named, are inferior in literary quality to most of the others in the collection, which includes such familiar pieces as "The American Flag," "Star-Spangled Banner," Longfellow's "Ship of State," "Yankee Doodle," "The Red and the Blue," "The Battle-Hymn of the Republic," and other songs more general in character. Dr. Holmes's "Old Ironsides" may be tucked away on one of the 250 pages, but we do not find it in the Index. There can be no doubt that this collection will meet a popular demand. (Phila.: Charles H. Walsh.)

THE NEW volume of "The Modern Reader's Bible" includes St. Matthew, St. Mark and the General Epistles. We believe that the very attractive form in which this edition of the Bible is arranged has done much to induce people to read it who would hesitate to read it in the older and more conventional form. These volumes can be readily tucked in the pocket or into a bag, when a one-volume edition would be out of the question. (The Macmillan Co.)—MR. GEORGE HOOPER'S "Sedan" has been added to Bohn's Standard Library. Nothing has been put with the text that is not in the original edition, but certain errors have been corrected, and a needed index supplied. (The Macmillan Co.)

THE "BIRD STUDIES" of Mr. William E. D. Scott is an account by a lover of birds and of nature of the land birds of eastern North America, illustrated with reproductions of photographs by the author. These show the bobolinks in the breeding season, among the reeds, the wood thrush sitting on her eggs, bluebirds building their nest, chickadees in the branches of a cedar, cedar birds in a wild cherry tree, a purple finch among the thistles, etc. Some of these, the preface tells us, are from live birds, some from stuffed specimens—it would have been well if the author had clearly indicated which. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE NEW "popular" edition of Villari's "Life and Times of Niccolò Macchiavelli," translated by Mme. Linda Villari, is clearly printed on thin paper in one volume. It is more complete than the former four-volume edition, including a chapter on the fine arts and notes on newly discovered documents, besides having had the benefit of a thorough revision. It is illustrated with portraits and views of Florence and other cities copied from old prints. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

NOW THAT translating the Rubáiyát has become almost as common as going to the North Pole, it is a delight to welcome a new edition of FitzGerald's translation of the immortal poem. One has been tempted of late to call it the "Rubáiyát of Edward FitzGerald," so much have some of the recent versions made one wonder if Omar Khayyám did not owe a very large part of his fame to his famous translator. The edition under consideration is published "At the Sign of the Lark," San Francisco. The handy little volume—one of the prettiest in which the poem has appeared—contains a poem on Omar by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy a "Glose upon a Rubáiy" by Mr. Porter Garnett, a preface, FitzGerald's sketch of Omar Khayyám, then the fourth and first editions of the "Rubáiyát" and finally some

notes. The type is excellent and the margins wide and the booklet is attractively bound in a simple blue cloth cover and in a still less expensive form in light-green paper. (William Doxey.)

Mrs. Stanton's "Eighty Years"

Interesting Reminiscences of a Well-known Woman

WHILE I am no suffragist, I am bound to admit that Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in "Eighty Years or More" (European Publishing Co.), presents in her own life some strong arguments for her cause. Although she has been before the public for fifty years at least, she has found time to be an exemplary wife and mother. Nowhere in the course of these pages does she say:—"See what I have done for the public, and see what I have been to my family," but she tells the two stories, and lets the reader draw his own conclusions.

Mrs. Stanton married young, and she was the mother of a good-sized family, of which she took the best care. What she didn't know about babies wasn't worth knowing. When her first child was born she gave points to the doctor, as well as to the nurse. Not only in her own children, but in all the children that came her way, she took a lively interest. She couldn't hear a baby crying in a railway train without finding out the cause and applying a remedy. She argues that a child never cries without a reason, and when she hears "an infant crying in the night," she wants to know what it is crying for. Usually it is a pin or a tight band or an overloaded stomach.

Mrs. Stanton began the battle of life with an excellent educational equipment, for she is a graduate of the famous Emma Willard School at Troy. As early as her sixteenth year she believed in woman's rights. Her vexation and mortification knew no bounds when her brothers went to college and she could not go, too. There were no women's colleges in those days.

An Interview with Lady Byron

In the course of her public career Mrs. Stanton has met a great many interesting people, most of them reformers like herself. One of the first of these was the gentle Quakeress, Lucretia Mott. To you and to me Lucretia Mott has always seemed a sort of Quaker saint; but to many of her sect her views were too unorthodox to be tolerated. When Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Mott were in England together many years ago, it was amusing, says the former, to watch Elizabeth Fry's sedulous efforts to keep Mrs. Mott at a distance. If Mrs. Mott was on the lawn, Mrs. Fry would go into the house; if Mrs. Mott was in the house, Mrs. Fry would stay out on the lawn.

One of the American delegates in London was Col. Miller, of Vermont, who had been in Greece with Byron. "As Lady Byron had expressed a wish to see him, that her daughter might know something of her father's last days," says Mrs. Stanton, "an interview was arranged, and the Colonel kindly invited me to accompany him. His account of their acquaintance and the many noble traits of character Lord Byron manifested, his generous impulses, and acts of self-sacrifice seemed particularly gratifying to the daughter. It was a sad interview, arranged chiefly for the daughter's satisfaction, though Lady Byron listened with a painful interest. As the Colonel was a warm admirer of the great poet, he no doubt represented him in the best possible light, and his narration of his last days was deeply interesting. Lady Byron had a quiet, reserved manner, a sad face, and a low, plaintive voice, like one who had known deep sorrow. I had seen her frequently in the convention and at social teas, and had been personally presented to her before this occasion. Altogether I thought her a sweet, attractive-looking woman."

Daniel O'Connell as an Orator

Mrs. Stanton also met Daniel O'Connell in the London convention. "He was," she says, "a tall, well-developed, magnificent-looking man, and probably one of the most effective speakers Ireland ever produced. I saw him at a great India meeting in Exeter Hall, where some of the best orators from France, America and England were present. There were six natives from India on the platform, who, not understanding anything that was said, naturally remained listless throughout the proceedings. But the moment O'Connell began to speak they were all attention, bending forward and closely watching every movement. One could almost tell what he said from the play of his expressive features, his wonderful gestures, and the pose of his whole body. When he finished the natives joined in the general applause. He had all Wendell Phillips's power of sar-



MRS. STANTON

FROM "SUCCESS"

casm and denunciation, and added to that the most tender pathos. He could make his audience laugh or cry at pleasure. It was a rare sight to see him dressed in 'repeal clothes' at one of his repeal meetings."

Mrs. Stanton went to Paris while on this trip, and happened to be visiting the Hotel des Invalides, just as they were preparing the sarcophagus for the reception of the remains of Napoleon. She witnessed the wild excitement of the people, and listened with deep interest to the old soldiers' praises of their great General.

"The Height of the Ridiculous"

Mrs. Stanton once wrote to the late Dr. O. W. Holmes in behalf of a young nephew of hers, who wanted to know if the Doctor really did have a servant who almost laughed himself to death, as described in "The Height of the Ridiculous." To this letter Dr. Holmes replied:—

"I wish you would explain to your little nephew that the story of the poor fellow who almost died laughing was a kind of a dream of mine and not a real thing that happened, any more than that an old woman 'lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do,' or that Jack climbed the beanstalk and found the giant who lived at the top of it. You can explain to him what is meant by imagination, and thus turn my youthful rhymes into a text for a discourse worthy of the Concord School of Philosophy. I have not my poems by me here, but I remember that the 'Height of the Ridiculous' ended with this verse:—

"Ten days and nights with sleepless eyes
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

"But tell your nephew he mustn't cry about it any more than because geese go barefoot and bald eagles have no nightcaps."

Garrison, Alcott and Whittier

The genial hospitality of William Lloyd Garrison is described; and Mrs. Stanton tells how fond he was of taking people on the spur of the moment to dine at his house, never stopping to think whether the larder was empty or full. Fortunately his wife was one of the most amiable of women, and these surprises never disturbed her. She was as genial and self-possessed as if all things had been prepared.

The famous conversations between Bronson Alcott and two metaphysical Englishmen were going on in Boston while Mrs. Stanton was there, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, she attended them. "I was," she writes, "ambitious to absorb all

the wisdom I could, but, really, I could not give an intelligent report of the points under discussion at any sitting. Oliver Johnson asked me one day if I enjoyed them. I thought, from a twinkle in his eye, that he thought I did not, so I told him I was ashamed to confess that I did not know what they were talking about. He said: 'Neither do I; very few of their hearers do; so you need not be surprised that they are incomprehensible to you, nor think less of your own capacity.'"

Mr. Stanton's business took him to Boston, he so settled his family in Chelsea, a suburb from which you can see the ocean and Bunker Hill Monument also. Whittier visited them there, and one evening as the ladies were about to sing for his entertainment Mr. Stanton exclaimed: "Do not touch a note; you will put every nerve of Whittier's body on edge." It seemed, to Mrs. Stanton so natural for a poet to love music, that she was surprised to know that it was a torture to him.

While visiting the Stantons at Chelsea, under the influence of the summer moon and Mrs. Stanton's sympathy, Whittier opened to her a deeply interesting page of his life, "a sad romance of love and disappointment, that may not yet be told, as some who were interested in the events are still among the living."

Miss Susan B. Anthony

Two chapters of this interesting autobiography are devoted to Miss Susan B. Anthony, the friend and fellow-laborer in the field of woman's rights with Mrs. Stanton. From the time of their first meeting, when Miss Anthony was a demure young Quakeress, to the present day these two women have worked together in friendship and sympathy. Mrs. Stanton says, not without humor: "We never met without issuing a pronouncement on some question," and adds, "in thought and sympathy we are one, and in the division of labor we exactly complemented each other. In writing we did better work than either could alone. While she is slow and analytical in composition I am rapid and synthetic. I am the better writer, she the better critic. She supplied the facts and statistics, I the philosophy and rhetoric, and, together, we have made arguments that have stood unshaken through the storms of long years—arguments that no one has answered. Our speeches may be considered the united product of our two brains."

Much curiosity has been expressed as to the "love life" of Miss Anthony, but on this point Mrs. Stanton throws no light. Miss Anthony herself has playfully said, when questioned on this delicate subject, that she could not consent that the man she loved, described in the constitution as a white male, native born, American citizen, possessed of the right of self-government, eligible to the office of President of the great republic, should unite his destinies in marriage with a political slave and pariah.

It was at Brook Farm that Mrs. Stanton first met the late Charles A. Dana. She kept up her acquaintance with him and was always a welcome visitor at his home at Dosoris. There she met Miss Frances L. MacDaniel and her brother Osborne, whose wife is the sister of Mr. Dana, and who is now assisting Miss Prestona Mann in trying an experiment, similar to the one at Brook Farm, in the Adirondacks.

"The Woman's Bible"

Mrs. Stanton has crowned her life work with "The Woman's Bible." The more she read in the orthodox Bible the more keenly she felt the importance of convincing women that the Hebrew mythology had no special claim to a higher origin than that of the Greeks, being far less attractive in style and less refined in sentiment. Its objectionable features would long ago have been apparent had they not been glossed over with a faith in their divine inspiration.

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard discussed the project of this Bible with Mrs. Stanton, but finally withdrew their names from the committee, fearing that the work would be too radical.

If all women who go into public life possessed Mrs. Stanton's qualifications for homemaking perhaps there would be less outcry against woman suffrage.

"Surely," she exclaims, "a mother and child, tastefully dressed, and a pretty home for a framework, is, as a picture, even more attractive than a domestic scene hung on the wall. The love of the beautiful can be illustrated as well in life as on canvas. There is such a struggle among women to become artists that I really wish some of their gifts could be illustrated in clean, orderly, beautiful homes."

J. L. G.

The Lounger

THE ENGLISH PAPERS are filled with anecdotes of Mr. Gladstone. They devote pages to what he has said and what others have said about him. *The Academy* gives nearly six pages to "Mr. Gladstone as a Literary Critic," quoting from his published criticisms and private letters, which latter, you may be sure, were made as public as the printed compliments. According to *The Academy*, Mr. Gladstone "frankly liked people to give him books, and he generally took the trouble to tell them so. If it was not a letter, it was a postcard, that the happy author got—generally to the great gain of the publisher." There is no doubt that Mr. Gladstone's praise did much to make "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" famous, though I am inclined to think that so novel and remarkable a performance would have found its audience even without the valuable aid of Mr. Gladstone's eulogy. He spoke highly of Sonya Kovalevsky, but though her book was even more remarkable than that of the Bashkirtseff, it did not attract the same attention, which would seem to prove that his endorsement was a great help to a book, but was by no means a guarantee of success. There are those who think that he "made" Mrs. Humphry Ward by his praise of "Robert Elsmere." I am sure that he attracted attention to the book, but Mrs. Ward is not a writer whose success could be made by any one person other than herself. The public wanted her books or they would not have read them, even with Mr. Gladstone's endorsement. He spoke almost as highly of Miss Margaret Lee's "Divorce" in the columns of *The Nineteenth Century*, and gave it a splendid start, but it had no Elsmesian success.

It will be remembered, says *The British Weekly*, that when Mr. Benson's clever novel "Dodo" appeared, rumor said that the original of Dodo was Miss Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith. The letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Miss Tennant on the subject is an excellent summary of the impossibility of the likeness:—

"Before I had made progress in the book, I absolutely acquitted the author of all, even the faintest, idea of a portraiture. 1. It would be too odious. 2. It would be too violent. 3. It would be too absurd. Some mere rag of casual resemblance may have been picked off the public road. Do you happen to remember that one time I used to be identified in caricature through extravagantly high shirt collars? Anyway it was so; and I think the illustration, if hardly ornamental, may indicate my meaning. At the same time I have always held, and hold firmly, that anything out of which we may extract criticism or reproof, just or unjust, can be made to yield us profit, and is less dangerous than praise."

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of books that Gladstone read there were only four authors who influenced him, and they were, according to his own confession (written on a postcard), Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Speaking of postcards, Mr. Gladstone's well-known partiality to them induced him, when he was in mourning, to have a lot printed with a black border, so that he might still make use of them.

I DON'T KNOW any one for whom I am sorrier than for Mr. W. L. Alden, though he does write such entertaining letters to the *New York Times*. The reason I pity him is that he cannot, or will not, read Miss Austen. Not to read and enjoy Jane Austen is to miss one of the greatest pleasures in life, and I am afraid that there is something woefully lacking in the mental makeup of the man or woman who does not find hours of joy in the perusal of her stories. Mr. Alden says that he has never met a man who had read more than one of her books, to which I make

reply that Mr. Alden could never have met the late Lord Tennyson or the late Mr. W. M. Thackeray, both of whom doted on "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma" and indeed all of Miss Austen's stories. It was Tennyson, I believe, who placed her side by side with Shakespeare, in some respects; and Thackeray devoutly worshipped at her shrine.

IF MR. ALDEN has never met a man who has read more than one of her books, there must be a great many men-of-letters in London with whom he is not acquainted. He is quite ready to admit "that it may be bad taste not to read Jane Austen," but he adds, with more of sound than sense, "I am convinced that the number of persons guilty of the same bad taste is very much greater than the number of Miss Austen's admirers." Taking the world "by and large," as our grandparents used to put it, the same may be said of the divine William—Shakespeare, I mean, not Alden. Mr. Alden, it must be remembered, is a professional humorist. Sometimes we make the mistake of taking these humorous gentlemen seriously when they mean to be taken humorously. It is so easy to misunderstand genius.

ONE MAY always look for something sprightly in *Blackwood's* notwithstanding the age and dignity of that magazine. In the current number there is an anonymous article called "Among the Young Lions," which is amusing at the expense of the cubs. The writer discusses log-rolling, which has now become a fine art, and shows the uninitiated how it is done. Here is an example:—

"It would seem, indeed, as though a certain number of writers subsisted upon writing paragraphs about one another, just as the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands are said to earn a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing. The adaptability of the periodicals which admit these wares to their columns is truly wonderful. They are all things to all men with a vengeance. If Mr. A is turning out four novels a year, they pat him on the back and say that he is clearly not one of those who believe in the cant about an author overwriting himself. If Mr. B, on the other hand, is lazy, they congratulate him warmly upon his firm determination not to overwrite himself, and announce that his next work will appear that day eighteen months."

HE THEN GOES on to complain of literary clubs and their dinners, which he seems to think are got up entirely for log-rolling purposes. There are, no doubt, mutual-admiration societies in London, but I should be slow to believe that all the literary clubs of that city had been organized to give A an opportunity to praise B. There is still some good-fellowship in the world, and among authors, who are not always on the lookout for advertising. On the other hand, log-rolling does seem to flourish in England beyond anything of the sort that we have over here. But I think you can always spot it. One of the most conspicuous cases in London is that of a man who rolls his own logs. Some day he will roll them into the fire, and then what a blaze there will be!

"DEAR LOUNGER," writes an anonymous correspondent:—"You will pardon the familiarity, but your name has a congenial sound, and it leads me to address you fraternally and to seek your valuable advice. I have been making a few economic experiments in behalf of sociology and necessity, and I have succeeded in accumulating a police record, a fine knowledge of the best free-lunch routes, a large number of desirable aliases, numerous alibis and a lingering case of poverty. In the fag ends of my resting moments I have been dipping into recent literature and I find that material of the sort which envelopes me like a

surplused surplus is being turned into dollar-and-a-half books. Now I have lost more jobs, been discharged more times and gone hungrier oftener than any of these sociological experimenters, and I feel that my time has come to coin my brilliant failures into the cash of the realm. As I do not like to work, I should like to know if you think the literary style of the phonograph will be acceptable. There is an appropriateness in talking hunger into the cavernous depths of a tin horn that appeals to my romantic mind, but I do not want to waste my breath without reward. I beg to sign myself

A DIFFERENT SORT OF LOUNGER."

MISS HILDA COWHAM is said to have succeeded to the mantle of the late Aubrey Beardsley. Miss Cowham's peculiarity seems to lie in the drawing of children's legs. She substitutes twisted pipe-stems for the sturdy limbs that nature sometimes bestows upon extreme youth, and her audacity has attracted attention worthy of a better art. Perhaps after Miss Cowham has once caught her audience she will drop her eccentricities and go in for real children's legs, for after all they are much more serviceable than unreal ones.

Unmapped

WHOSE hand shall limn the final chart,
Complete, with every stream that flows,
With pathways which the bold of heart
Have trampled through the Polar snows?

Perchance tomorrow's sun will shine
On outposts by some desolate shore
Where man's advancing picket-line
Must pause and camp forever more.

E'en now the wide-strewn island host
Within the map's net has been drawn,
And soon no mere adventurer's boast
Shall lure the tropic traveler on.

But when the maps are finished quite,
And all the stranger world is known,
Still shall abide the illusive light
On coasts where Fancy's winds are blown.

And fearless eyes for long may strain,
And steady hands may guide the helm;
But none can ever hope to gain
The farthest shore of Fancy's realm.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Mr. Merriman's Chemistry

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I am *en route* to California, and remote from books of reference, but unless my memory plays me false, Henry Seton Merriman has singularly reversed the properties of carbonic acid gas in Chapter XIX of "Roden's Corner." I was taught—am I mistaken?—that carbon dioxide, being denser than air, tends always to collect at the lower part of a closed apartment. Mr. Merriman explains that "Cornish knew that in falling he had fallen out of the radius of the escaping gas which probably filled the upper part of the room." I am afraid that this probability is decidedly improbable and that Mr. Merriman's readers must violently reverse the scene in their imaginations, and have it that Cornish instead of taking pains to lie upon the floor to escape the poisonous gas, clambered to the top of the desk and stood there while, with a superhuman effort, he removed the screws from the upper hinge of the door, and fell through the opening thus obtained into safety and the outer air.

Is it too much to ask that his readers will thus help out a favorite novelist from a situation less realistic than modern taste demands? It would be easy of accomplishment if the artist had not insisted on depicting the ascent of the swirling fumes. The

sight of them enforces belief. No doubt Mr. Merriman and his artist are right and our captious criticism is wrong. We are deeply grateful to him, at any rate, that he saved Cornish from such a death. We like the hero, and wish him a happier fate.

CONSTANCE GODDARD DUBOIS.

"Mark Twain" on the War

THE following letter, here published for the first time, was read at the recent Decoration Day banquet, held at the Hôtel Continental, Paris:—

VIENNA, May 26, 1898.

DEAR SIR: I thank you very much for your invitation and I would accept it if I were foot-free. For I should value the privilege of helping you do honor to the men who re-welded our broken Union and consecrated their great work with their lives; and also I should like to be there to do homage to our soldiers and sailors of to-day who are enlisted for another most righteous war, and utter the hope that they may make short and decisive work of it and leave Cuba free and fed when they face for home again. And finally I should like to be present and see you interweave those two flags which, more than any others, stand for freedom and progress in the earth,—flags which represent two kindred nations, each great and strong by itself, competent sureties for the peace of the world when they stand together.

Truly yours,

MARK TWAIN.

THEODORE STANTON, Esq.

An Essay by M. Brunetière

WHEN M. Ferdinand Brunetière was about to leave New York, last spring, he accepted an offer from the editors of *The Critic* for the five lectures on Contemporary French Literature given in this city under the auspices of Columbia University, promising to write them out, on his return to Paris, from the very slight notes from which they had been delivered.

We recently asked M. Brunetière to send us some statement which would exonerate us from blame in the sight of our subscribers. In answer to this request came the very courteous letter of explanation, reparation and regret which we printed on May 21, in which the writer offered to prepare an article on any branch of contemporary French literature we should name.

We have written to M. Brunetière that we shall be guided in our choice of a subject for the promised article by the wishes of our readers; and we shall accordingly be glad to hear from them as to the branch or phase of Contemporary French Literature on which they would most enjoy hearing his views. The titles of his five Lenox Lyceum addresses on this general subject were "Poetry," "History," "The Drama," "Criticism" and "The Novel."

On that one of these five subjects on which most of *The Critic's* readers would like to hear the eminent critic speak, we shall ask him to send an essay. The polls will remain open until June 30.

Snap-Shot Criticisms

A GOSSIPING critical account of American authorship of to-day appears in *The Windsor Magazine* from the pen of Mr. James Ramsay. According to the lively *Academy* this airy gentleman's article amounts to this:—

Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau are dead.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich is America's leading poet, but he *will* rhyme "morn" with "gone."

Mark Twain's work is grown old, and himself is in Europe.

The humor of "John Phoenix" ("This yer Smiley's yellor, one-eyed, banana-tailed cow," etc.) is also old, and too calm for these wakeful days.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton dispenses laughter from Morristown. He is sixty years of age, and writes slowly, "waiting an hour for a word."

Mr. W. D. Howells leads in fiction. He now etches his books in New York instead of Boston. "His thick, solid, yet genial face is an appropriate mask from which a hive of Quakers and Abolitionists look out upon the world of to-day."

Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith is a first-rate globe-trotting author; he is the worthiest representative of American curiosity.

Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett are the kailyard women of these States. Miss Wilkins's favourite book is "Les Misérables"; and the busier Miss Jewett gets, the more time she finds to read the Waverley novels.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is the vindicator of the old South, and his "Marse Chan" made Henry Ward Beecher cry like a child.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is in danger of founding a great school of American historical romance.

Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau are dead.

"Martin Elmrod"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have from my father's library a leather-bound 16mo., much dilapidated from too enthusiastic reading, called "Liber Facetiarum." It was published in Boston in 1811, and on the title-page is marked "First American Edition." It gives the recently discussed epitaph as follows:—

*"Epitaph in a country church-yard near Aberdeen, Scotland.
Mirror of Wit, p. 45."*

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod,
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have on thine! Gin I were God,
And thou wert Martin Elmrod.

I know nothing of the "Mirror of Wit," but apparently it belonged to the last century. My impression is that in my boyhood I knew this with the name changed to Davie Elginbrod, but of this I am not sure. It is so easy to remember things into a past more remote than that to which they really belong.

BOSTON.

ARLO BATES.

Notes

THE circular in which The Century Co. announces "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," illustrated by over 500 pictures by James Tissot, is so handsome as to prepossess one strongly in favor of this truly monumental work of art. The fame of M. Tissot's achievement came from France four years ago, when the originals of these illustrations were shown at the Salon du Champ de Mars. It spread again from London, where they were exhibited more recently. And in the fall, New York will be the scene of his triumph, so that the American publication of the two huge volumes teeming with inserted plates, chromolithographs in colors, monochromes and photogravures will have a special timeliness. M. Tissot will revisit America, we believe, while the exhibition is open here. The collection of originals consists of 380 water-colors and 150 pen-and-ink drawings. It represents eight years or more of industry and meditation in the Orient, and constitutes a series of quite unusual religious and artistic interest. The work is dedicated, by special permission, to Mr. Gladstone, who accepted the compliment in a most generous and modest spirit.

The Right Hon. James Bryce has written for *The Century* his views on "Equality." Mr. Bryce's views on any subject are bound to be interesting, and as this is a subject which few men handle well, we shall be pleased to hear what Mr. Bryce says about it.

The New York Free Circulating Library opened its tenth branch at 215 East 34th Street, on June 6. The library occupies the three upper floors of a former residence. On the main floor is a well-selected library of about 4,000 volumes, which is operated on the open-shelf system. In the rear are reading tables, and on the second floor is a small reference library, with a reading-room furnished with newspapers and magazines.

A correspondent in Newark, N. J., writes to call our attention to the fact that we inadvertently referred to Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, in *The Critic* of June 4, as having been a professor at Amherst instead of at Dartmouth. Yet another correspondent reminds us of a "soldier author" who certainly should have been included in the list of military writers to whom we devoted some space in our issue of that date. It seems that we unwittingly omitted the name of John Bigelow, Jr., Captain Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., author of "Mars la Tour and Gravelotte" and of "The Principles of Strategy," an important work, profusely illustrated and provided with numerous maps, of which a revised and enlarged edition has just been published by J. B. Lipincott Co. Capt. Bigelow is a graduate of West Point, class of 1877. No one has as yet reminded us, though he might well

have done so, of our oversight in regard to Lieut. H. H. Sargent, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., the able author of "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign" and a book on the "Campaign of Marengo."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The King's Jackal" will be published in book-form by Messrs. Scribner on the 25th of this month. The scene of this story is laid at Tangier, where Mr. Davis laid the scene of one of his best short stories, "In Exile."

Prof. Ferdinand Schwill of the University of Chicago will publish, through the Scribners, "A History of Modern Europe," covering, in a single volume, the course of events in Europe since the Italian Renaissance. It will contain many maps, bibliographies and genealogical tables.

"Questions and Answers in the Theory and Practice of Military Topography," by Major J. H. Bowhill, will be published immediately by The Macmillan Co., with a portfolio of sixteen plates and eighteen diagrams.

A letter from Mr. Sidney Colvin to Mr. Charles Fairchild, Chairman of the American Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Fund, gives the interesting information that at a final meeting of the English Committee, the other day, it was decided to ask Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens to design a mural memorial for the church of St. Giles in Edinburgh (which is being turned into a kind of Scottish Westminster Abbey), and to devote the surplus, if any, to erecting a stone seat or resting place on the Catton Hill.

Mrs. Putnam, the elder sister of the late Mr. James Russell Lowell, died in Cambridge a few days ago. Mrs. Putnam was not without poetic ability, and possessed also the faculty of endearing herself to her friends.

News comes by way of Denmark of Ibsen's becoming more agreeable than he used to be, and this is proved by the fact that he answered a young lady who asked him a rather foolish question. She asked him what he would do if he had a million, and he replied:—"I should buy an elegant steam yacht, with electric lights and all modern comforts, with a crew of 120 and a grand orchestra. Then I should invite twenty good friends to travel with me. We should visit many fine regions, but our principal goal would be the island of Ceylon, which must be, from all I have heard, the most beautiful spot on earth."

Sir Walter Besant proposes to have the first volume of his "Survey of London" ready early next year. Every street in the County Council area has been walked through by Sir Walter or one of his assistants, one of them a young lady, and every building of any importance is duly described, and a great many are illustrated by photographs.

The streets of London are said to be flooded, not with rains, but with penny lives of Mr. Gladstone—whose career, it has been remarked, furnishes yet another example of the truth that hard and sustained brain-work does not necessarily shorten life. The only time that brain-work is pretty sure to shorten life, is when there is an uncertainty on the part of the worker where his daily bread is coming from. A man with everything made easy for him by money can work much harder than a man who is worried as to his living.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") has written an introduction to a series of eighteen volumes, containing fiction, poetry, and belles-lettres, which The Doubleday & McClure Co. announces for publication. The same house is bringing out "Wild Flowers" by Neltje Blanchan, author of "Bird Neighbors," one of the most delightful books of its class. "Wild Flowers" will be illustrated with colored plates, for which photographic reproductions of flowers gathered and photographed by competent naturalists have been made.

Mr. John La Farge has just completed a memorial window to the late Edwin Booth which will be erected in the Little Church Around the Corner, otherwise the Church of the Transfiguration, in East 29th Street. The design is simple and shows the actor gazing at his mask, which he has apparently just taken off. The

figure is clothed in red, which is a very effective color when not too garish, and that, of course, it never is in Mr. La Farge's hands. The window is the gift of The Players.

Mr. Henry James has written an introduction to an edition of the works of Pierre Loti, which will soon be published in England.

The Independent will follow the example of *The Outlook* and reduce its pages to magazine size. It seems that this size is the favorite one for periodicals in this country. *The Outlook* has had the most successful period of its life since it assumed magazine form, but then it is not only the form of a periodical that counts; the contents have a great deal to do with the size of its subscription list.

Mr. W. E. Henley's Civil List pension is \$1,000 a year. This is as large as any, and larger than most. We congratulate Mr. Henley on getting it, and Mr. Balfour on having given it to him.

Before leaving London for Norway Mr. Borchgrevink gave to Reuter's representative some details of his arrangements in connection with his forthcoming South Polar Expedition, he said:—"Leaving London in July, the Southern Cross will take us direct to Hobart, Tasmania. We hope to reach there by December in plenty of time for the Antarctic summer. After overhauling we shall set sail for the South, and do not expect to return to London until 1900. Briefly our object is to explore South Victoria Land, and to investigate the seas and islands between there and Australia. It is probable that a journey on sledges will be made into the unknown continent."

The American Library Association will hold its twenty-third annual meeting at Lakewood on Chautauqua from July 4 to 9 inclusive. An attractive program has been made out for the six days.

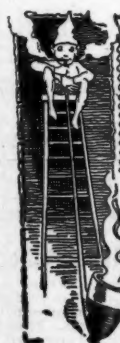
The cornerstone of the Francis Scott Key monument was laid in Mount Olivet Cemetery on Monday last, says the New York Sun. Gen. Thomas J. Shryock, Grand Master of the Masons of Maryland, acted as master of ceremonies. After "The Star-Spangled Banner" had been played by the band, three volleys of musketry were fired. Then came the singing of "Gloria Patria" by the choir, followed by a recitation by Miss Katherine Eisenhauer of a poem written by Roger McKenney, and entitled "The Nation's Flag." William C. Birley, president of the association, next placed a few articles in the cornerstone, which was laid in

position while a choir of seventy-five children dressed in white sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The French Academy recently voted to fill the places of the late Duc d'Aumale and Henri Meilhac. The former chair was filled by the election of Eugène Guillaume, Director of the French Academy at Rome; for M. Meilhac's seat six ballots were taken without result, the election being then postponed. This result was caused by the efforts of a group who desired to elect another candidate to the Duc d'Aumale's seat, but, failing in these efforts, transferred their votes to the other vacancy. M. Guillaume is a sculptor and a writer on art, and has been professor of the history of art at the Collège de France.

Publications Received

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| Adams, H. C. Financial Management of a War. 25c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Allen, W. O. B. and E. McClure. History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge \$4.50. | E. & J. B. Young & Co. |
| Armstrong, R. A. Faith and Doubt in the Century's Poets. \$1. | Thos. Whittaker. |
| Arnold, S. L. and C. B. Gilbert. Stepping Stones to Literature. | Silver, Burdett & Co. |
| Beresford, Lord C. and H. W. Wilson. Nelson and His Times. | London: Harmsworth Bros. |
| Block, L. J. Capriccios. \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Burton, F. R. Shifting Sands. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Chetwode, R. D. John of Stratbourne. \$1. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Conklin, A. What Are You Doing Here. 50c. | James H. West. |
| Cornford, L. C. Sons of Adversity. \$1.25. | L. C. Page & Co. |
| Faunce, D. W. A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible. | Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc. |
| Field, H. M. The Life of David Dudley Field. \$3. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Goodrich, A. L. Topics on Greek History. 60c. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Haddon, A. C. The Study of Man. \$2. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Hildyard, J. L. Love Does It All. 50c. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Jacobs, H. E. Martin Luther. \$1.50. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Lander, H. Lucky Bargee. \$1.25. | 2 vols. \$7. |
| MacLay, E. S. A History of the United States Navy. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Mason, L. W., F. H. Butterfield, and O. McConathy. The Mason School Music Course. Book 1. | Ginn & Co. |
| Meekins, L. R. Some of Our People. \$1. | Williams & Wilkins Co. |
| Moore, G. Evelyn Innes. \$1.50. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Noble, C. Studies in American Literature. \$1. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Oman, C. A. History of The Art of War. \$4.50. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Pennington, J. G. Selections from Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot and Robert Browning. | Fords, Howard & Hulbert. |
| Plummer, M. W. Hints to Small Libraries. | Truslove & Combs. |
| Report of the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Public Library, 1897. | Way & Williams. |
| Rice, W. and B. Eastman. Under the Stars, and Other Verses. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Riley, J. W. Green Fields and Running Brooks. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Sanderson, J. G. Cornell Stories. \$1. | 75c. each. |
| Stories by Foreign Authors. Spanish. German vol. 2. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Tallmache, L. A. Talks with Mr. Gladstone. \$1.25. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Tout, T. F. The Empire and the Papacy. \$1.75. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Van Dyke, J. C. Nature For Its Own Sake. \$1.50. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Wace, H. The Sacrifice of Christ. 50c. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Walthew, C. W. The Philosophy of Government. \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Ward, Mrs. H. Helbeck of Bannisdale. 2 vols. \$2. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Warner, C. D. World's Best Literature. Vols. 31 to 45 inc. | The International Society. |
| Wentworth, G. A. and G. A. Hill. A Text-Book of Physics. | Ginn & Co. |



YALE MIXTURE
GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE

You won't know the luxury of Pipe Smoking until you use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package post-paid for 25 cents.

Marburg Bros.,
The American Tobacco Co.,
Successors, Baltimore, Md.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

(FIRST EDITIONS, Etc., Etc.) FOR SALE.

An Illustrated Catalogue of Part IV., containing 46 reproductions of plates, portraits, title pages, etc. Works relating to Mining, Music, Navigation, Oxfordshire, Penmanship. Works, chiefly first editions, by John Milton and John Parkinson; extensive and fine collection of Old Plays and works relating to the Occult Sciences. Rare Old Naval and Military Works. Early Newspapers (Cromwellian and Charles II.). First Editions of books illustrated by "Phiz." Part IV., 64 pages, post free, 12.

PICKERING & CHATTO,
66 Haymarket, LONDON, S. W.

American Bronzes,

The productions of the eminent Sculptors, Mac Monnies, French, Proctor, Elwell and Bush-Brown, on exhibition in this country only at the establishment of

Theodore B. Starr,

206 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square,

NEW YORK.

DIXON'S GRAPHITE

IN STICK OR PASTE.

Lubricates a bicycle chain as no other lubricant can. If dealer does not keep it send 10 cents for sample of either.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE CRITIC

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I.

For sale by all Druggists.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

TALKS WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

BY THE
Hon. L. E. Tollemache,
Author of "Benjamin Jowett." "Safe Studies,"
etc.

With a Portrait of Mr. Gladstone.
Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, \$1.25.

"... Pending the authorized biography by John Morley, we are apt to get little more toothsome than what Mr. Lionel Tollemache is shortly to give us. This is a little book to be called 'Talks with Gladstone,' and will record a number of conversations between the writer and Mr. Gladstone, which took place mostly at Biarritz in the years 1892-6. They are said to range over a variety of intellectual, religious, and political questions. Those who recall what Mr. Tollemache did for Jowett and Mark Pattison in a similar line will expect much from his account of Mr. Gladstone's conversation."
—N. Y. Evening Post, "Books and Reading," June 7, 1898.

Builders of Greater Britain.

Edited by H. F. WILSON, M.A.

NEW VOLUME.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT.

The Discovery of North America.

By C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY, M.A., F.R.G.S.,
Fellow of Merton College, Author of "Prince Henry the Navigator," etc. With Photogravure Portrait of Sebastian Cabot, and two Maps. Appendices and Index. 331 pages, crown 8vo, \$1.50.

NEW BOOK BY MR. ANDREW LANG-

The Making of Religion.

By ANDREW LANG. 8vo, pp. x. + 380, with Index, \$4.00.

"* This book examines the prevalent scientific ideas as to the origin of the beliefs in the Soul and in God. The result of criticism and comparison of evidence, savage and civilized, is to indicate that the belief in the Soul is supported by facts which Materialism cannot explain. The belief in God, again, far from being evolved out of the worship of ghosts (as is commonly alleged by anthropologists), is proved to occur where ghosts are not yet worshipped. The argument is finally applied to the current hypotheses of the origin of the Hebrew religion."

The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor.

By Lady NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE, Author of "Gossip from a Muniment Room." With six Greivure Illustrations from Family Portraits. 248 pp., 8vo, uncut, \$3.50.

"* This book deals with incidents in the family life of Sir Roger Newdigate of Arbury, in Warwickshire, and his second wife, Hester Mundy, the period covered being 1710-1806. Incidentally it gives the real history of the principal actors in George Eliot's "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story."

NEW STORY BY MRS. WALFORD.

Leddy Marget.

By L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "Iva Kildare," etc. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., - NEW YORK.

LE VERBE EN QUATRE TABLEAUX SYNOPTIQUES.

By Prof. H. MARION. Sixth Edition.

This little book, which has already had six editions, and which has been recommended by the Board of Public Instruction of Quebec for use in the public schools of Canada, is highly spoken of by all the French teachers who have used it in their classes.

The difficulties of the study of French verbs are reduced to a minimum, thus making a saving of one-half the time usually devoted to this important study. It is invaluable to teachers and can be used with any French grammar or textbook.

Price, 25 cents.

Complete catalogue on application. For sale by all book-sellers, or postpaid on receipt of price by the publisher.

William R. Jenkins,

851 and 853 Sixth Avenue (cor. 48th St.) New York.

GLIMPSES OF CHARLES DICKENS

and Catalogue of Dickensiana. Med 8vo, 60 pages, deckle-edge paper, embossed cover. Numerous illustrations. Edition limited to 250 numbered copies, nearly all subscribed for in advance. A few copies for sale at \$1.

E. S. WILLIAMSON, Toronto, Ont.

Walt Whitman at Home

By Himself

Dickinson hand-made paper. 28 pages.
Rubricated cover.

50 cents a copy

At Scribner's, Putnam's, Dutton's, Brentano's, Dodd, Mead & Co.'s

Critic Pamphlet No. 2

New York: The Critic Co.

Authors' Agency

SIXTH YEAR. Criticism, Advice, Revision, Disposal, Thorough, careful attention to MSS. of all kinds.
REFERENCES: Noah Brooks, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, W. D. Howells, Mrs. Moulton, Charles Dudley Warner, Mary E. Wilkins, and others. For rates, references, editorial notices, send stamp to

WM. A. DRESSER, Director, 111 Pierce Building, Mention The Critic. Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Absolutely Reliable Always

Remington Standard Typewriter.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

The best people from everywhere, bent on business or pleasure, when in New York, stop at . . .

THE ST. DENIS.

The cuisine and comforts of the hotel have become so well known that its name is now a household word in thousands of homes in this country and Europe.

Central Location,
Broadway and Eleventh St.,
Opposite Grace Church,
New York.

Handy-Binder

To any address, One Dollar.

The Critic, first year, with Binder, \$3.50.

EDUCATIONAL

SCHOOL ADVERTISING RATES

14 agree lines to the inch		
Less than 13 weeks (3 months),	15c.	a line per week.
13 to 25 weeks	10c.	" " "
25 to 51 weeks	10c.	" " "
51 weeks (one year)	8c.	" " "

CONNECTICUT



CONNECTICUT, Hartford.
Woodside Seminary.

Re-opens September 28.

Terms \$700 to \$800.

Miss SARA J. SMITH, Principal.

McLean Seminary for Girls.
College Preparatory. English Courses. French, German, Art, Music.
Rev. J. B. McLEAN, Simsbury, Conn.

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY, New Brunswick.

The Misses Anable's School for Girls.
College preparation French and German. Art and Music.
30 miles from New York. Apply for circulars.

NEW YORK

St. Agnes School

Under the direction of Bishop Doane. Preparation for all colleges. Special Studies and Courses of College Study. Special advantages in Music and Art. Gymnasium.
Miss ELLEN W. BOYD, Prin., Albany, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Newburgh.

The Misses Mackie's School for Girls.

Academic and College Preparatory. Special advantages in Art and Music. Certificate admits to Vassar and Wellesley. One and a half hours from New York.

THE PEESKILL MILITARY ACADEMY.

Peeskill, N. Y. 63d year. Send for illustrated catalogue.
Col. LOUIS H. CRELMAN, Prin.

NEW YORK CITY

The MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Re-opens October 5th.
Riverside Drive, 86th and 88th Streets, New York.

The Helburn School.

35 West 90th Street. For boys and girls.
Graded from Kindergarten to High School.
Re-opens October 3rd.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORESTRY SCHOOL

AT BILTMORE, N. C.

For circulars and other information apply to

C. A. SCHENCK, Ph.D.,

Forester to the Biltmore Estate.

PENNSYLVANIA

MISS BALDWIN'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS BRYN MAWR, PA.

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College.

MISS FLORENCE BALDWIN, Principal. Within seven years more than seventy-five pupils have entered Bryn Mawr College from this school. Diploma given in both General and College-Preparatory Courses. Fine, fire-proof stone building. 55 acres beautiful grounds. For circular, address the Secretary.

MSS. EDITED ON THE TYPEWRITER

Articles Copied and Prepared for Publication
The editorial work of Miss Lucy C. Bull, 120 East 23d St., New York, receives highest commendation from Charles Dudley Warner, Edmund C. Stedman, William C. Prime, Annie Trumbull Slosson, John La Farge, William I. Fletcher, Charles Sprague Smith and The Critic.

The Mercantile Library.
ASTOR PLACE. Contains 300,000 volumes.
Branches 426 Fifth Avenue and 120 Broadway.
Books delivered to all parts of the city.

H. WILLIAMS,

35 EAST 10TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Dealer in Magazines and other periodicals. Sets, volumes or single numbers.